THE

UNION.

A

POEM,

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable

Lord Marquiſs of *GRANBY*,

One of Her Majeſty's Commiſſioners

FOR THE

SCOTCH UNION.

By Mr. *VERNON.*

———*Paribus ſe Legibus ambæ*
Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittunt. Virg. Æn. 12.

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TO THE
READER.

'TIS *the Deſign of this Performance to perſuade the Subjects of this Iſland, after an* Union *of Rights, to an* Union *of Affections. But the Arguments being taken from the Hiſtory of our Misfortunes during the Period of* Separation, *and from a Repreſentation of the State of Trade and Religion, a naked Relation would have made the Poem* flat, *and its Manner* dry. *This oblig'd me to elevate the* Turn *of it to the* Sublime, *and to give* Force *to the Images, and* Boldneſs *to the Expreſſion, by an Imitation of the* Ancients: *Yet what gives the Compoſure more* Brightneſs *to a* skill'd *Reader, cauſes more* Obſcurity *to an* unqualify'd *one. Now the* Union *being a Bleſſing of* Univerſal *Concern, my Intention had been ill executed, had not my Meaning been as* generally *underſtood. That I might not therefore diſappoint my ſelf, I have added a few* Notes *to ſupply Education to them that want it, and by this Aſſiſtance to give the* Poem *that Eaſe which ſome exact without Diſtinction on all Kinds and Differences of Subject.*

Theſe I choſe to prefix, rather than to place in the Margin of the ſeveral Pages they relate to; becauſe to reliſh a Poem aright, the Mind of the Reader ought to work it ſelf up near the Raptures of the Writer. The breaking off in Verſe to read the Notes *in Proſe diſmounts this Poetical Temper, the Underſtanding is got, like a Swallow, on Foot, and cannot preſently recover the Wing again. But the* Comment *thus being plac'd firſt, the Reader begins the Poem with a Knowledge of the moſt diſtant Alluſions, and goes thro' it in one continu'd Tenor of Height, without any Depreſſion.*

The two firſt Lines are a Tranſlation of the Beginning of Horace, *and are with the ſtricteſt Juſtice apply'd to this Noble* Lord, *not only with reſpect to the Encouragement and Patronage he condeſcends to afford me, but with regard to the Dignity of his Birth; being by a very ancient Match in his Family deſcended from a Daughter of a* King *of* Scotland, *and by one more modern from* Ann *Dutcheſs of* Exeter, *Siſter to* Edward IV. Page 1.

To *Arethuſa*] Alpheus, *a River of* Peloponneſus, *flowing through the Territory of* Piſa; *upon its Banks the* Olympic *Games were perform'd; tho' its Mouth into the Sea was above* Cyllene, *a Port of the* Eleans, *yet the Ancients thought it paſs'd under, and roſe again in the Fountain* Arethuſa *near* Syracuſe *in* Sicily. Ovid *therefore calls* Arethuſa Piſæa, *and* Alpheïas: *And* Pindar Ortygia *where it riſes, the* venting Place *of* Alpheus. *See the fabulous Reaſons in the Poets:* Pauſanias *believes the Fact true, and cites an Oracle deliver'd to* Archias *the* Corinthian *for Proof:* Strabo, *tho' he explodes it, yet relates what was reported, that a Silver Cup or Vial (perhaps us'd in Libations to* Alpheus) *falling into the River, was found in* Arethuſa; *and that the Waters of that Fountain were foul and ſtain'd, at the Time of the* Olympic *Games, when Sacrifices were offer'd to* Alpheus *upon one of thoſe double Altars* Pindar *mentions. The Vial, and Blood of the Victims that diſcolour'd the River in his ſecret Paſſage as far as* Sicily, *I call his* Honours, *in the Senſe the Poets uſe* Thuris Honores. *This being known, the Alluſion of his* Vir. Geo. 3. Pauſan. Arcad. p. 541. & Eliac. Plin. lib. 4. c. 5. Pind. Ne. 1. Ovid. Met. Vir. Æn. 3. Strab. lib. 6. p. 270. Vid. Pind. Olymp. 5. Stroph. 1. & Scholiaſt

Lordſhip's Maſtery in Poeſie conceal'd by his great Modeſty, to theſe Circumſtances of the River, is very eaſie and plain.

Page 2. The Spots grew] *'Tis* Statius's *Deſcription;* Audito venantum murmure Theb. 2. Tigris Horruit in Maculas: *If ſo, then the Spots leſs bright when the Beaſt not enrag'd.*

Our Union had repell'd] *For the different Kinds of People which firſt planted* In Vit. Jul. Agric. Britain, *and from whence the Colonies came, ſee* Tacitus. *It was his Obſervation,* Dum ſinguli pugnant univerſi vincuntur. *See in him* Galgacus's *Speech,* De Bello Gallico 5. c. 21, &c. Noſtris illi Diſſentionibus clari; *and* Cæſar *plainly ſhows theſe Diviſions were occaſion'd by ſeparate and diſtinct Principalities. That Part of this Iſland call'd* Cantium *had no leſs than Four Kings. The Brave* Caſſivelaun *not being able to keep up the Confederacy,* permotus Defectione Civitatum, *was at laſt forc'd to ſubmit himſelf.*

Page 3. Bezaleel] *was the inſpir'd Artificer of the* Tabernacle, *the Plan of which* Moſes *receiv'd from Heav'n; the* Tabernacle *was a ſort of* Tent *where* God *vouchſaf'd locally to reſide.*

Page 4. Cathneſs] *The moſt Northern Part of* Scotland.

Belvoir Vale] *'Tis famous for a Soil proper for Corn, as* Haddon *Field in* Derbyſhire *for Paſturage; great Part of the firſt and all the laſt are the Heritage of the Noble Lord to whom the Poem is Dedicated.*

Claſping Membrane] *This alludes to the* Pia Mater's *covering the two Lobes of Brain; the reſt of the Similitude is plainly enough expreſs'd in the Verſes.*

As Golden Show'rs] *The Poets feign'd that when* Minerva *was born* Jupiter *rain'd Gold upon* Rhodes: *See* Pindar, Olymp. 7. Epod. 2. & Antiſt. 2. *and* Claudian. *See the Moral in the* Scholiaſt *of* Pindar. *That Iſland was very conſiderable for its Skill and Force at Sea, the* Rhodian *Laws being the Foundation of all* Maritime.

Page 5. *This and Part of the next contains the Deſcription of ſome turbulent Perſons, who have troubled the Church, by oppoſing the Rights of its chief Miniſters, and repreſented the* Union *as dangerous to it. They who are acquainted with the Originals will ſoon diſcern an exact Reſemblance in the Features of the Copies, thoſe who are not can receive little Aſſiſtance from Notes: I ſhall therefore only remark, that a certain Author* de Cyclis *denies a famous Eclipſe of the Sun in* Ariſtophanes, *which has been hitherto a fix'd Aſtronomical Mark of Certainty in Chronology.*

Page 7. His Library] *Conſult the Biſhop of* Carliſle's *Book, entituled, The* Scotch Library, *where you will ſee the Reaſons for this Part of the Character.*

Page 8. Electric] Electrum *is Amber, and* Electric *is what, like it, attracts Hair,* &c.

Hear the Reins] *After* Virgil, Neque audit currus habenas.

Dathan a Tiptoes] Dathan *I call the Author, before* Anonymous, *who wrote the* Prefatory Diſcourſe *againſt the Biſhop of* Salisbury, *and had the Juſtice done him to be deſpis'd. The Learned Mr.* Richardſon, (*who wrote that unanſwerable Piece againſt* Toland's Amintor) *in a Letter which I have ſeen to a Gentleman in Town who deſir'd his Judgment of* Dathan's *Diſcourſe, having ſhow'd the* Blunders, *falſe* Hiſtory, *ill* Breeding, *and Want of* Charity *in it, has this Expreſſion,* That he hop'd never to ſee another ſuch Performance either from a Divine, a Scholar, or a Chriſtian: *His Character of the Biſhop's* Expoſition *was,* That had not the Author been known, the Enemies to his Perſon had own'd it the moſt uſeful and valuable Production of the Age.

THE

THE UNION. A POEM.

O My *Mecænas*, ſprung of *Royal* Race,
Whoſe *Favours* ſhield me, and whoſe *Honours* grace;
As wing'd like Winds your *rating* Courſers ſtrain,
The *leading* Duſt on the *Olympic* Plain;
So *matchleſs* You, with an *unrival'd* Pace,
Firſt in the *Courſe* of Fame, and Virtue's *Chace*.

In You the *fair* Effects of *Union* ſhine,
In You *Plantagenet* and *Fergus* join,
To ſtain Your *Purple* of the *nobleſt* dye,
And *ſwell* the Tides of *Wealth* and *Honour* high.

Yet 'midſt the *Heroe*'s Bays Your Temples bind,
Myrtles aſpire, and *learned* Ivies wind.
The *raviſh'd* Senſe, like *Garth*'s, Your Numbers pleaſe,
With *Hallifax*'s Art, with *Walſh*'s Eaſe:
Yet *Praiſe* You fly retir'd from *vulgar* Ears,
Remote, and *ſweet* the Muſick of the *Spheres*.
To *Arethuſa*, and *Sicilian* Day
As *ſinking* Streams *Alpheus* does convey,
Thus *Piſan* Honours deck his *ſecret* Way.

O! could my *Muſe* to Your *ſublimer* Height
Her *Pinions* ſtretch, and ſoar the *daring* Flight.
O! could my *Lute*, by her *perſuaſive* Strings,
So *guide* the Pulſe, ſo *touch* the Paſſions Springs.

As when the *Thracian* ſung in *Hæmus* Shade
Averſions ceas'd, *Antipathies* obey'd,
And with the *Wolf* the harmleſs *Bleater* play'd,
The *Spots* grew *dimmer* on the *Tiger*'s Hide,
No more the *Lion* laſh'd his *angry* Side.

In *jarring* Nations thus my *rival* Lyre
Should *gentler* Thoughts by *ſoothing* Airs inſpire;
My *Notes* their *Concord* ſhould to Minds impart
And *Union* reach by *Harmony* the Heart.

Britain, an Iſle *entire* by Nature plac'd,
Her *fairer* Gem in *ſilver* Seas enchas'd.
But the firſt Planters of the *Savage* kind,
Rude, and *unknowing* of what *Heav'n* deſign'd,
Their *petty* Realms to *ſcanty* Shires confin'd.

Thus *patch-work* Cantons *weak* by *Diſcord* lay,
The Rovers ſpoil, and *next* Invaders *prey*.
Rome ne'er had *grafted* Lawrels on our Shore,
Had not *Diſunion* ſplit the *Stock* before.
Or had her *Conqueſts* in *one* Province caſt
Our *Garden*, and the *Caledonian* Waſte
Together freed, (when *Valentinian*'s Call
Summon'd her *Eagles* hence to reſcue *Gaul*)
Our *Union* had repell'd all *foreign* Pow'r,
And giv'n the *vaſſal* World the *Chains* we wore.

But oh! ill parted by *Severus* Mound,
The *Picts* like Strangers paſs the *guardleſs* Bound.
From *barren* Heaths the *ſpoiling* Torrents flow,
And deluge *Albion*'s fruitful Plains below.
Here *Nature* ſhow'd in vain a lovelier Face,
With *golden* Harveſts dreſs'd, and *verdant* Graſs.
That *beauteous* Plenty, which ſhould *charm* to ſpare,
Entic'd our Ruin, and *allur'd* the War.

The *Britains* harraſs'd beg the *Saxons* Aid,
Freed and *oppreſs'd*, *aſſerted* and *betray'd*.
The *Succour* dearer than the Ravage coſt,
At once the *pureſt* Faith, and Freedom loſt.

The *State* tho' alter'd, yet *new* Lords arriv'd
Renew'd the *Quarrel*, and the *Feud* reviv'd.

And as *Succeſs* chang'd with the *ſhifting* Year,
Both *Nations* paſs'd under the *Saw* of War.
Natives with *Natives* Gore their *Parent* ſtain,
Alternate Loſs, without *alternate* Gain.

In *James* at laſt the Blood of *Rival* Kings
One *Current* form'd, deriv'd from *various* Springs,
When no *dark* Title gave, nor *doubtful* Prince
Faction a *Head*, Ambition a *Pretence*:
Well might we hope a *happier* Age begun,
And Nations, like their *Iſle* and *Monarch*, *One*.

But as when *Tempeſts* vex the *briny* Plain,
And *plough* the *furrow'd* Boſom of the *Main*,
Tho' *breathleſs* Winds faint on the *watry* Field,
And *Halcyons calmer* Air invites to build,
Yet ſtill with Force *unſpent* the *Billows* riſe,
Mount foaming o'er the Rocks, and *ſtorm* the Skies.

Thus *Bounds*, thus *Homage* ceas'd no more engage
Contending Kings to arm their *Subjects* Rage.
Yet *popular* Fury ſtill in *Tumults* raves,
And ancient *Grudges* ſwell the *Civil* Waves.

What *Great*, what *Godlike William* wiſh'd in vain,
Kind *Providence* reſerv'd for *ANNA*'s Reign:
Whether *Averſions* by a *later* Hour
Grow for Diſperſion *ſoft*, and *ripe* for Cure.
Or *Heav'n* this *balmy* Preſent to the *Land*
Judg'd *beſt* tranſmitted by a *Female* Hand.
Fair *Union*'s Type, Her *nuptial* State has ſhown,
The *Happineſs* advanc'd of *Two* in *One*.

From *Heav'n* to *Her* the *healing* Model's ſent,
And skill'd *Bezaleels* work the *Sacred* Tent;
A *Sacred* Tent, in which the *God* of *Peace*
Will fix his *Preſence*, and our *Iſrael* bleſs.

Thus whilſt in *Blenheim* and *Ramellies*' Field
ANN blaſts the *drooping* Flow'rs on *Lewis*' Shield;
Whilſt *France* the *Vengeance* of her *Tempeſt* flies,
With *gentle* Wings here ſoft *Eteſiæ* riſe,
And *Zephyrs* wanton in *ſerener* Skies.

But *Strife* in *border* War and Tumult bred,
Darts her *fork'd* Tongues, and ſhakes her *double* Head:
One mutters Commerce *ſhar'd*, and *injur'd* Trade,
The *Church* in Danger *One*, and *Rites* betray'd.

Poor Spite! ſhould *Cathneſs* warm'd by *milder* Air
No *choaky* Sloes, *Scotch* Delicacies, bear,
But *juicy* Apples, and the *melting* Pear;
Will Cherries fade in ſunny *Kent* away,
And the rich Peach at *Newington* decay?
Or ſhould bleak *Highlands* be with *Claver* grown,
And *wavy* Wheat, yet to *thoſe Climes* unknown;
Will *Belvoir* Vale ſtrait *mildew'd* Harveſts yield,
Or leſs *luxuriant* Graſs ſtud *Haddon* Field?
Nay, ſhould from *ſpringing* and the *ſetting* Day
Scotch Veſſels home both *India*'s Wealth convey,
Union to *All* th' Advantage would enſure;
How can, our ſelves being *rich*, our ſelves be *poor*?

Union's the *claſping* Membrane, which contains
In its cloſe *Folds* two *Hemiſpheres* of Brains.
Thence as by *equal* Pairs the *Nerves* proceed,
Plump Vigour's to the *healthful* Limbs convey'd;
If *Palſies* ſtop the Spirits active *Tide*,
The *Whole*'s diſabled by the *ſtarving* Side.

But *Martial* Force ſhall with our Wealth increaſe,
And *foreign* Dread riſe from *domeſtick* Peace,
As *golden* Show'rs, like *Rhodes*, enrich our Land,
Our Fleet, like *Rhodes*'s, ſhall the Seas command;
And *Britain* with a *ſtronger* Graſp ſuſtain
The *Scales* of Pow'r, and *Trident* of the Main.

Before two *Kingdoms* like two *Pillars* ſtood,
Shook by the *Guſts* of ev'ry *Storm* that blow'd;
Now *Union* turns an *Arch*, the *vaulted* Height
Joins both, and gives a *Firmneſs* by the *Weight*.
Whilſt *Triumphs* preſs the flow'ry Path below,
Lewis above in bold *Relieve* ſhall ſhow,
Numb'd with his Chains, and *petrify'd* by Woe.

Fictitious Dangers ſtart *Religion*'s Fears,
That *ſacred* Tie its Name from *Union* wears.
Yet *Academic* Wits the *League* diſgrace,
Blood in the Mind, and *Claret* in the Face.

Sach---

Sach---v---l, as he dreams the Faith's Decay,
Proclaims the *Danger* with the loudeſt *Bray*.
Yet *Tory* Squires his noiſie *Nothing* praiſe,
Applaud the *ſtunning* Din of *buskin'd* Phraſe,
Style of *Romance*, and Epithets of *Plays*.

Tertullian D---dw---l tediouſly maintains
The *Match* unlawful, and forbids the *Banes*.
Can we, with *Souls* from *Biſhops* Hands deriv'd,
Join *Scots* by *Claſſis*, of that *Half* depriv'd.
Ye *Wiſe* of *Athens*, to your *Champion* kind,
To your *Hiſtorick* Chair the *Dotard* bind:
There let him *puzzling* Hours in *Periods* wear,
Bæotick Cycles and *Proleptic* Year;
There *Dates* unfix on Nature's *Laws* begun
Deny *Eclipſes*, and confute the *Sun*.
From ſuch *learn'd* Trifles *Faith* no Loſs receives;
But take, O! from him take the *ſacred* Leaves.
Thence as for *injur'd* Truth he *Weapons* draws,
He *arms* the Foe, and ſlanting *ſtabs* the Cauſe.
His *teeming* Brain, with *cluſter'd* Notions fraught,
And ſwarming *Animalcula* of *Thought*,
Spawns wild *Conceits* on *Suppoſition's* Ground,
His Cordials *poiſon*, and his Balſams *wound*.

Abiram's warm, and *vehement* of Tongue,
Proud in *Miſtake*, and *obſtinately* wrong.
His *Honours* like an *Auſtrian* Eagle ſpread,
An *Amphisbæna* with a *double* Head:
Scarce at more *contradicting* Diſtance ſtand
His *factious* Heart, and his *addreſſing* Hand;
Scarce more Degrees his *Lenten* Texts diſ-join
From *Inqueſts* pickled at the *Bell* in Wine.
The *Scots* traduc'd his *blunted* Satyr feel,
(For wrangling *Pamphlets* have worn out the *Steel*)
Such *weight* of Judgment *Biſhops* Pow'rs depreſt,
And levell'd the *Apoſtle* to the *Prieſt*;
Such ſunk our *Nature*, and preferr'd the *Beaſt*.

To *Idols* bent when Man his *God* forſook.
Nor view'd the *Author* in the *Creatures* Book.
That glorious *Nature* wilfully unknown
He firſt *depos'd*, and then *abus'd* his own.

Tripe Higgons, Earth's and Pulpit's *bloated* Load,
Church Danger croak'd, the firſt *Hibernian* Toad.
Strict High-Church *Faſts* his *Tun* of *Blubber* ſpeaks,
His Fears the *Roſes* on his *cherry* Cheeks.
But as he *thumping* rail'd, his *melting* Chine
Produc'd of *lying* Prophecy a Sign;
For *reeking* Sweat in *miſty* Vapours ſpread,
And form'd a *lambent Dulneſs* round his Head.

Had theſe beheld that *viſionary* Scene,
When *Peter*'s Sheet join'd *common* and the *clean*,
Fix'd they their *rooted* Hate had ne'er forſook,
But judg'd *Diſunion* beſt, and God miſtook.

Rome's Pow'r nor *Gaul* nor *Britain* could ſuſtain,
Wall'd by the *Alps*, and moated by the *Main*.
Greece did in vain her Hopes in *Pyrrhus* place,
A new *Achilles* by his *Arm* and *Race*.
Africk in vain did *hiſſing* Wonders bear,
And *Hannibal*, a Prodigy of War.
Or *Aſia* heard her *Pontic* King excite
In twenty Tongues his twenty Realms to fight:
Victorious *Rome* all Oppoſition paſt,
And the *known* World in her *one* Empire caſt.

In this *vaſt* Body when *Auguſtus* found
No *diſlocated* Limb, no *gaping* Wound,
When *Peace* to Mother Night did *Diſcord* chace,
And *Janus* War beheld with *neither Face*,
Then broke *Religion*'s Day, then *gladded* Earth
Felt *Heav'n* deſcend at her *Meſſia*'s Birth.

Like *Pipe* to *Pipe*, *Province* to *Province* laid
To all Mankind *Truth*'s living Streams convey'd,
The Goſpel *Life* reach'd each *continuous* Part,
To *Rome* the Head, from *Palæſtin* the Heart.
And if *Increaſe* Faith did from Union feel,
When Blood the *Cement* and the *Rivets* ſteel,
Sure that *mild* Syſteme cannot leſs improve
By *ſoft* Conditions, and a League of *Love*.

Did we blind *Ægypt*'s monſtrous Gods enſhrine,
Or *Deities* carv'd from the *Parian* Mine;
Should *ſecret* Pipes their *marble* Lips inſpire,
Or nodded they *Conſent* by *Nerves* of Wire;

Our *Caution* well might *prying* Strangers fly,
And ſhun *Detection* from a *Curious* Eye.

But *proſtrate* we the *living God* adore,
Unrival'd in his *Worſhip* as his *Power*.
The *Faith* no *human* Mixtures here receives,
But what unerring *Heav'n* reveal'd believes;
No *Alpine* Modes too near *Religion* pare,
And ſtrip from *decent* Rites the *Matron* bare;
Nor *Prieſts* her *Pagan* Blemiſhes conceal
With *ſuperſtitious* Pomp, and *tawdry* Veil:
Modeſt in Dreſs her *native* Beauty charms,
Invites the Day, and ev'ry Boſom *warms*.

Nay here as our *new* Senators repair,
Forſaking Northern Froſts for milder Air,
Their Minds the *Changes* of the *Clime* ſhall feel,
And melting *Prejudice* be warm'd to *Zeal*.

On his extremeſt Bounds *Carliſle* will ſtand,
To meet them on the *Threſhold* of the Land:
Their *Library* digeſted by his Cares,
His *Studies*, *Perſon*, and his *Rank* endears.
He *frees* their Arms from Ballads *feign'd* Diſgrace,
And tears the *lulling* Rime of *Cheviot* Chace.
Yet *thirty* Kings in *Scottiſh* Annals ſhine,
By him reſtor'd to *Truth*, and head the *Line*.
But when his *See*, that *doubtful* Marſh, they view,
Rank with its Tillers Blood where *Harveſts* grew,
Where *jarring* Kings judg'd by the *plunderd*'s Curſe
The Subject *better*, nor the Chriſtian *worſe*.
There *Virtue* thrives, there *learned* Art improves,
His *Precepts* much, but more his *Pattern* moves.
Humble in *Height*, and *pow'rful* without *Pride*,
A *watchful* Father, and a *faithful* Guide.
Convinc'd they'll fly that *Schiſm* that *Biſhops* paints
Lords of the *Flock*, and *Tyrants* of the *Saints*.

Next they to Patriarch *York* half Converts paſs,
Truth's *Champion*, and the *Terror* of the Maſs.
Rome, when her *bigot* Prince his Voice ſuppreſs'd,
Its *melting* Force, and her own *Fears* confeſs'd.
The *paſſive* Saint the *Edict* kept and broke,
His *Life*, his *Looks*, his very *Silence* ſpoke.

Another

Another *Stage* to gentle *Lincoln* leads,
Wide his large *See*, and wide his *Learning* ſpreads,
Wide ſpreads his *See*; but he, its *active* Soul,
Informs each Part, and *animates* the Whole.
When condeſcending *Meaux* with *ſly* Intent
Beyond the *Trentin* Tone *Rome*'s Doctrine bent,
And modell'd an *Electric* Scheme, to draw
Light *chaffy* Minds, and *Conſciences* of *Straw*;
Then *Lincoln*'s *learned* Weight kept *Truth* ſecure,
Then *Lincoln* broke the *Snare*, and ſtripp'd the *Lure*.

And now *Auguſta*'s lofty Tow'rs appear,
And *Teniſon* a *Guardian Michael* there.
Strong by its heav'nly *Scite* Religion's Cauſe
He fortifies with *Outworks* of the *Laws*.
Gently and *calm* as *nervous* Spirits glide,
His *ſoft* Commands the *Myſtic* Body guide:
Yet *headſtrong* Synods drove by *Hotſpur* Deans
Obey his *curbing* Power, and *hear* his Reins.

Sarum, for *one* too *great*, both Kingdoms ſhare,
One proud to *raiſe* his Worth, and one to *bear*.
In him how fair *tranſplanted* Merit thrives,
Who *Jewel*'s Zeal in *Jewel*'s Chair revives.
Like *Antioch*'s Boaſt his *golden* Torrents roul,
Deluge the Mind with Truth, and *flood* the Soul.
Thro' *miſty* Doubts his *Labours* ſhine afar,
Bright and *unſetting* like his *Northern* Star.
Yet whilſt they *Light* in *Expoſitions* yield,
Decyph'ring Myſt'ries on the *Church*'s Shield,
Dathan a Tiptoes 'gainſt the *Preface* roſe,
Nor ſtoops *Alcides* to ſuch *pigmy* Foes.
Nay that *rude* Spite which tore his *injur'd* Fame,
But fir'd a *Temple* to procure a *Name*.

But ſhould the *ſtubborn Scot* Conviction fly,
Nor Glory pierce the *Gutta* of his Eye,
Our *purer* Faith, unchang'd by his *Miſtake*,
From *ſluggiſh* Schiſm ſhall no *Pollution* take:
But *free* from Mixtures, and *unſoil'd* by Stain,
Shall paſs like *active Rhône* the Lake *Lemane*.

F I N I S.